PSALM 67

Text: William Whittingham, Scottish Psalter (Charteris 1596; Smyth 1599)
Scots performing edition: Jamie Reid Baxter
Harmonisation: John Buchan, ed. Mick Swithinbank
Tune: Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1558

Treble

Oor Gode that is Loard an' au-thor o' grace

Alto

Oor Gode that is Loard an' au-thor o' grace

Tenor/Kirk Part

Oor Gode that is Loard an' au-thor o' grace

Bass

Oor Gode that is Loard an' au-thor o' grace

Tr.

Schaw til us pur sauls His mer-ci-fu' face.

A.

Schaw til us pur sauls His mer-ci-fu' face.

T.

Schaw til us pur sauls His mer-ci-fu' face.

B.

Schaw til us pur sauls His mer-ci-fu' face.

Tr.

His blis-sin's in-craiss, de-fen' us wi' micht,

A.

His blis-sin's in-craiss, de-fen' us wi' micht,

T.

His blis-sin's in-craiss, de-fen' us wi' micht,

B.

His blis-sin's in-craiss, de-fen' us wi' micht,

Tr.

An' schaw us His luve an' coon-te-nance bricht.

A.

An' schaw us His luve an' coon-te-nance bricht.

T.

An' schaw us His luve an' coon-te-nance bricht.

B.

An' schaw us His luve an' coon-te-nance bricht.
2. That quhyles in this airth we wanner an' walk

Thy ways may be k-nawn in thocht, deed an' talk.

An' hoo Thy great luve t'ward man-kyn' is bent,

Senn Thy sai-van' helth til aw fowks is sent.

That quhyles in this airth we wanner an' walk

Thy ways may be k-nawn in thocht, deed an' talk.

An' hoo Thy great luve t'ward man-kyn' is bent,

Senn Thy sai-van' helth til aw fowks is sent.

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That quhyles in this airth we wanner an' walk

Thy ways may be k-nawn in thocht, deed an' talk.

An' hoo Thy great luve t'ward man-kyn' is bent,

Senn Thy sai-van' helth til aw fowks is sent.
3. The pe· pill thair· fore O Gode lat thame praise

Thy won· ner· fu' warks an' mer· ci· fu' ways.

Yea, lat aw the warl' baith faur wyde an' near

Praise Thee, thair Loard Gode, wi' re· vence an' fear.
4. Och, lat the haill warl' be glaid an' re - joce,

An' praise Thee thair Gode wi' hairt an' wi' voce:

For Thoo sall jidge aw wi' jidge - ment maist richt,

An' lyk - wyse on earth sall rule be Thy micht.
5. Sae sall Thoo than caus the earth frute tae beir

Maist plentiully an' e' ve' rie quhair,

An' Gode, e' vin Gode, on quham we dae caw

His blis-sings sall gie, an pro-sper us aw.
Tae Gode, oor Fai-ther, an tae his dear Sinn, and
tae the Hail-ly Gaist, quhilk three ar aw yin, be glore as
it wes in aa tymes by-gane, is nou, an sall
be quhen time sall be nane.